THE TEMPEST, OR THE Enchanted Island. A COMEDY.

As it is now Acted

At Their Majesties Theatre

IN

DORSET-GARDEN.

LONDON,

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1690.

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PREFACE
TO THE
Enchanted Iſland.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by ſome very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by ſome Ape of the French Eloquence, which uſes to make a buſineſs of a Letter of Gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and, in ſhort, a great pomp and oſtentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an impoſition upon us.

We may ſatisfie our ſelves with ſurmounting them in the Scene, and ſafely leave them thoſe trappings of writing, and flouriſhes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I muſt proceed no farther in this argument, leſt I run my ſelf beyond my excuſe for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to ſet a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, *who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.*

It was originally Shakeſpear's: *a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he firſt taught me to admire. The Play it ſelf had formerly been acted with ſucceſs in the* Black-Fryers: *and our excellent* Fletcher *had ſo great a value for it, that he thought fit to make uſe of the ſame Deſign, not much varied, a ſecond time. Thoſe who have ſeen his* Sea-Voyage, *may eaſily diſcern that it was a Copy of* Shakeſpear's Tempeſt: *the Storm, the Deſart Iſland, and the Woman who had never ſeen a Man, are all ſufficient Teſtimonies of it. But* Fletcher *was not the only Poet who made uſe of* Shakeſpear's *Plot: Sir* John Suckling, *a profeſs'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footſteps in his* Goblins; *his* Regmella *being an open imitation of* Shakeſpear's Miranda; *and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from* Ariel. *But Sir* William Davenant, *as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, ſoon found that ſomewhat might be*

added to the design of Shakespear, *of which neither* Fletcher *nor* Suckling *had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to* Shakespear's *Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical parts of the Saylers were also of his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extreamly pleasant and surprising: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the Merit and Name of* Shakespear *and Sir* William Davenant.

Decemb. 1. 1669.

John Driden.

PROLOGUE to the *TEMPEST*, or the *Enchanted Island*.

AS when a Tree's cut down, the ſecret Root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches ſhoot;
So, from old Shakeſpear's *honour'd duſt, this day*
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakeſpear, *who (taught by none) did firſt impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to labouring* Johnſon *Art.*
He, Monarch-like, gave thoſe his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilſt Johnſon *crept and gather'd all below.*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakeſpear's *Pen.*
The Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring ſhore,
Was taught by Shakeſpear's *Tempeſt firſt to roar.*
That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Iſle.
But Shakeſpear's *Magick could not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durſt walk but he.
I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick ſupernatural things:
But Shakeſpear's *Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.*
Thoſe Legends from old Prieſthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakeſpear *we your grace implore,*
We for our Theatre ſhall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to preſent a Boy.
And that's a transformation, you will ſay,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the laſt Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
What e'r ſhe was before the Play began,
All you ſhall ſee of her is perfect Man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it muſt be a-bed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Alonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Uſurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Proſpero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Uſurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never ſaw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Maſter of the Ship.
Muſtacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatſwain.
Ventoſo a Mariner.
Several Mariners.
A Cabbin-Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* } (Daughters to *Proſpero*) that never ſaw Man.
Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Proſpero*.
Several Spirits, Guards to *Proſpero*.
Caliban and *Sycorax* his Siſter } Two Monſters of the Iſle.

THE

THE
Enchanted Iſland.

The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of 24 *Violins, with the Harpſicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain riſes, and diſcovers a new Frontiſpiece, join'd to the great Pilaſters, on each ſide of the Stage. This Frontiſpiece is a noble Arch, ſupported by large wreathed Columns of the* Corinthian *Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roſes wound round them, and ſeveral* Cupids *flying about them. On the Cornice, juſt over the Capitals, ſits on either ſide a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, repreſenting* Fame. *A little farther on the ſame Cornice, on each ſide of a Compaſs-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of* England. *In the middle of the Arch are ſeveral Angels, holding the Kings Arms, as if they were placing them in the midſt of that Compaſs-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which repreſents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coaſt, and a Tempeſtuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempeſt (ſuppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as ſeveral Spirits in horrid ſhapes flying down amongſt the Sailers, then riſing and croſſing in the Air. And when the Ship is ſinking, the whole Houſe is darken'd, and a ſhower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and ſeveral Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

ACT I.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?

Muſt. A hoaming Sea! we ſhall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes againſt the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter, what ſay you?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Muſt. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devils Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy! [*Enter Cabin Boy.*

Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, Maſter.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle [*Exeunt* Stephano *and Boy.*

Enter Mariners, and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capſtorm.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſen have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is; hence; what care theſe roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my ſelf: you are a Counſeller, if you can adviſe theſe Elements to ſilence, uſe your wiſdom: if you cannot, make your ſelf ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; ſtand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Deſtiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we ſhall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads, Come, reef both Topſails.

Steph. Make haſte, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex.* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capſtorm.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo *at the other door.*

Muſt. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capſtorm.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capſtorm-Bar: Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Maſter, get's more Nippers. [*Exit* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and paſs over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all hands to Capſtorm. You dogs, is this a time to ſleep? lubbord. Heave together, Lads. [Trincalo *whiſtles.*

[*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Muſt. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together, Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! Come, my Lads: Come, *Bullyes*, chear up! heave luſtily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh.

Trin. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-caſtle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, *&c.* Haul Catt, haul: Haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and loſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the Miſen-tack aboard. Haul aft Miſen-ſheet;

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the Main-top-ſail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Looſe Fore-ſail! Haul aft both ſheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Miſen here.

Muſt. A Mackrel-gale, Maſter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, ſtar-board, a little ſteady; now ſteady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are looſe.

Enter Ventoſo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are looſe. [*Ex.* Muſt.

Trin. Try the Pump, try the pump. [*Ex.* Vent.

Enter Muſtacho *at the other door.*

Muſt. O Maſter! ſix foot water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard a weather! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-ſheet there.

Trinc. Over haul your fore boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A Curſe upon this houling. [*A great Cry within.* They are louder than the Weather. [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo. Yet again, what do you here? ſhall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to ſink?

Gonz. A pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be pox't.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you Whorſon inſolent Noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Eaſe the Fore-brace a little. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my ſelf I care not, but your loſs brings a Thouſand Deaths to me.

Alonz. O name not me, I am grown Old, my Son; I am tedious to the World, and that, by uſe, is ſo to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects loſs in thee: Alas, I ſuffer juſtly for my Crimes, but why thou ſhouldſt —— O Heaven! [*A cry within.* Heark, Farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

Enter Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Trinc. What muſt our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's loſt. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's aſſiſt them.

Muſt. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our caſe is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we ſplit, we ſplit.

Gonz. Let's all ſink with the Duke and the Young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is ſinking. [*A new Cry within.*

Steph. Run her aſhore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all loſt! there's a Rock upon the Starboard-Bow.

Steph. She ſtrikes, ſhe ſtrikes! All ſhift for themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

In the midſt of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vaniſh; and when the Lights return, diſcover that Beautiful part of the Iſland, which was the Habitation of Proſpero; *'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypreſs-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which* Proſpero *keeps his Daughters, in the other* Hippolito: *The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Iſland.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Miranda, where's your Siſter?

Miran. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walk's end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

Proſp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art, my deareſt Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.

Proſp. I have ſo ordered, that not one Creature in the Ship is loſt:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Siſter:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Proſpero*, Maſter of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'r endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Proſp. I ſhould inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am, but then you ſtopt.

Proſp. The Hour's now come;
Obey and be attentive. Canſt thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I don't think thou canſt, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir,

Prosp. Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou doſt keep in thy remembrance ſtill.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda*: what ſeeſt thou elſe in the dark back-ward, and abyſs of Time?
If thou remember'ſt ought e'r thou cam'ſt here, then how thou cam'ſt thou may'ſt remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen years ſince, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Milan*, and a Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all Vertue, and ſhe ſaid, thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Siſter too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul Play had we, that we hither came, or was't a Bleſſing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I truſted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with ſecret Studies: That falſe Uncle,
Having attain'd the craft of granting ſuits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, ſoon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and ſuck'd my verdure out: thou attend'ſt not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my falſe Brother an evil Nature:
He did believe
He was indeed the Duke, becauſe he then did execute the outward Face of Soveraignty. Doſt thou ſtill mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafneſs.

Prosp. This falſe Duke needs would be abſolute in *Milan*, and confederates with *Savoy*'s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. Falſe Man!

Prosp. This Duke of *Savoy*, being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, ſtrait grants my Brother's Suit,
And on a Night,
Mated to his Deſign, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkneſs, hurri'd me thence, with thy young Siſter, and thy crying ſelf.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deſtroy us?

Prosp. They durſt not, Girl, in *Milan*, for the Love my people bore me; in ſhort, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Neſſa*'s Port: bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carcaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Maſt; the very Rats inſtinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prosp. Thou and thy Siſter were two Cherubins, which did preſerve me: you both did ſmile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence Divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his Gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me from my own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Pros. Here, in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill I find, that my Mid-heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose Influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more Questions, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep.*
Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach,
my *Ariel*, Come. *Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding, task *Ariel* and all his Qualities.

Pros. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-mast, the Yards, and Boresprit; I did flame distinctly. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon them.

Pros. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the Mind, and play'd some tricks of Desperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel; the Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*, with Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Pros. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Close by my Master.

Pros. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a Hair perish'd.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the Air with sighs, in an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting, his Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

Pros. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou called'st
Me up at Midnight to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;

The Mariners all under Hatches ſtow'd,
Whom, with a Charm, joyn'd to their ſuffer'd Labour,
I have left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' Fleet,
(Which I diſperſt) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound ſadly home for *Italy*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Perſon periſh.

Proſp. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Paſt the Mid-ſeaſon.

Proſp. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'tween ſix and now muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ariel. Is there more Toyl? ſince thou doſt give me Pains, let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Proſp. How now, *Moodie?*
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Proſp. Before thy time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!
Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Miſtakings,
Serv'd without or Grudge, or Grumblings:
Thou didſt promiſe to bate me a full Year.

Proſp. Doſt thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Proſp. Thou doſt,
And think'ſt it much to tread the Ooze of the ſalt Deep:
To run againſt the ſharp Wind of the North,
To do my Bus'neſs in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Froſt.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Proſp. Thou ly'ſt, Malignant thing! haſt thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Proſp. Thou haſt, where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir. in *Argier*.

Proſp. Oh, was ſhe ſo!
I muſt once every Month recount what thou haſt been, which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*, for Miſchiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: but for one thing ſhe did, they would not take her Life: is not this true?

Ariel. I, Sir,

Proſp. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,

And

And here was left by th' Sailers, thou, my Slave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her Servant,
And 'cauſe thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her Earthy and abhor'd Commands;
Refuſing her grand Heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Miniſters;
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whoſe rift impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent
Thy Groans, as faſt as Mill-Wheels ſtrike.
Then was this Iſle (ſave for two Brats,
Which ſhe did litter here, the brutiſh *Caliban*,
And his Twin-Siſter, two freckled hag-born Whelps)
Not honour'd with a humane Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Siſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*, and ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in Service. Thou beſt know'ſt what torment I did find thee in; thy Groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breaſts of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmureſt, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Haſt houl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command, and be
A gentle ſpirit.

Proſp. Do ſo, and after two days I'll diſcharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Maſter. But I have yet one requeſt.

Proſp. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this day's buſineſs is important, requiring too much Toyl for one alone. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, who twice ſeven Years has waited for my Freedom: Let it appear, it will aſſiſt me much, and we with mutual Joy ſhall entertain each other. This I beſeech you grant me.

Proſp. you ſhall have your deſire.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter. *Milcha!*

[Milcha *flies down to his Aſſiſtance.*

Milc. I am here my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear! what ſhall we do? ſay, ſay, what ſhall we do?

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine, inviſible to every Eye-ball elſe. Hence with Diligence, anon thou ſhalt know more.

[*They both fly up, and croſs in the Air.*

Thou haſt ſlept well my Child. [*To* Miranda.

Mir. the Sadneſs of your Story put heavineſs in me.

Proſp.

Proſp. ſhake it off; come on I'll now call *Caliban*, my Slave, who never yields us a kind Anſwer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Proſp. But as tis we cannot miſs him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and ſerve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! *Caliban*! thou Earth thou, ſpeak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Proſp. Thou poiſonous Slave, got by the Devil himſelf upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter* Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother bruſh'd with Raven's Feather from unwholeſome Fens, drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on you, and bliſter you all o'er.

Proſp. For this, be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have Cramps, Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy Breath up; Urchins ſhall prick thee till thou bleed'ſt; thou ſhalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-combs, each Pinch more ſtinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I muſt eat my Dinner: this Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt, thou ſtroak'ſt me, and mad'ſt much of me, would'ſt give me Water with Berries in't, and taught'ſt me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Leſs, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and ſhewed thee all the qualities of the Iſle, the Freſh-ſprings, Brine-pits, Barren Places and Fertile. Curs'd be I that I did ſo: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou haſt. I firſt was mine own Lord; and here thou ſtay'ſt me in this hard Rock, whiles thou does keep from me the reſt o' th' Iſland.

Proſp. Thou moſt lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindneſs: I have us'd thee (Filth that thou art) with humane Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would't had been done: thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe this Iſle with *Calibans*.

Proſp. Abhor'd Slave!

Who ne'er would any print of goodneſs take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour one thing or other when thou didſt not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble, like a thing moſt Brutiſh, I endow'd thy Purpoſes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (though thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore was thou deſervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to curſe: the red botch rid you for learning me your Language.

Proſp. Hag-ſeed hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglecteſt, or doſt unwillingly what I command,
I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches,
Make thee roar, that Beaſts ſhall tremble at thy Dinn.

Calib.

Calib. No, prethee!
I muſt obey. His Art is of ſuch power,
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vaſſal of him.

Proſp. So, Slave hence. [*Exeunt* Proſp. *and* Calib. *ſeverally.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Siſter! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you ſo?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes caſt down upon the Seas,
The whiſtling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at firſt I thought the War
Had been between themſelves, but ſtrait I ſpy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it ſeem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clambring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtſi'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him; till at laſt, all ſide-long,
With a great Crack his Belly burſt in pieces.

Mir. There all had periſh'd,
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Siſter, I have ſtranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And ſhortly we may chance to ſee that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father ſay, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he ſhould eat us, Siſter?

Mir. No ſure, you ſee my Father is a Man,
And yet he does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks, indeed, it would be finer,
If we two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Siſter, no, if they were young,
My Father ſaid, that we muſt call them Brothers.

Dor. But, pray, how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confeſs you poſe me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the Ground.

Dor.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Siſter, let you and I look up and down one day, to find ſome little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we muſt go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which ſeizes all who are in open air:
Th' effect of his great Art I long to ſee,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to ſee a Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the wilder part of the Iſland, 'tis compos'd of divers ſorts of Trees, and barren places, with a proſpect of the Sea at a great diſtance.

Enter Stephano, Muſtacho, Ventoſo.

Vent. THE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Muſt. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, ſwam after it. And this Scollop-ſhell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found ſomething ſince we landed.
I prethee fill a ſoop, and let it go round.
Where haſt thou laid the Runlet?

Muſt. I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace,
We cannot live long in this barren Iſland, and we may
Take a ſoop before death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Muſt. This is Prize-Brandy, we ſteal Cuſtom, and it coſt nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Maſter, what have you ſav'd?

Steph. Juſt nothing but my ſelf.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold ſtomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Muſtacho* weeps. Hang loſſes, as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He ſheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he ſhall drink no more.

Muſt. This will be a doleful day with old *Beſs.* She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's loſt too. But, as you ſay, hang loſſes. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Beſhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife,
I had not thought of mine elſe, Nature will ſhew it ſelf,
I muſt melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade,
And has but one Eye left: but ſhe'll weep out that too,

When she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort we get ashore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, ere we can cry, A Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another soop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home agen: we must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me the other soop.

Steph. whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian bloud, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? What, no Man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the people, *Mustacho?* I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the people, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, *with a great Bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Boson!

Must. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water?

Trinc. sings. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I shall die ashore.

This

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a Man's Funeral,
But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.

This is a ſcurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen. [*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another Subject now; Welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack,
Boys: the King of good-fellows can be no ſubject.
I will be old *Simon* the King.

Muſt. Hah, old Boy! how didſt thou ſcape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors
Threw over-board: but are you alive, hoa! for I will
Tipple with no Ghoſts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Muſtacho*,
And thine, *Ventoſo*; the Storm has done its worſt:
Stephano alive too! give thy Boſen thy hand, Maſter.

Vent. You muſt kiſs it then, for, I muſt tell you, we have choſen him Duke in a full Aſſembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Muſt. Of this Iſland, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Iſland's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will ſpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ſt be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Iſland; and when we are weary of Governing, thou ſhalt ſucceed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoſo*, I will ſucceed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. Trincalo, ſleep and be ſober; and make no more uproars in my Countrey.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you, *Trincalo*, are not your ſelf; but we pardon your firſt fault,
Becauſe it is the firſt day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried ſo ſwimmingly againſt me, whilſt I was ſwimming, and ſaving my ſelf for the good of the people of this Iſland.

Muſt. Art thou mad, *Trincalo?* wilt thou diſturb a ſetled Government, where thou art a meer ſtranger
To the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil War begins. [Vent. *and* Muſt. *draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no bloudſhed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion
By himſelf; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſpero* fall and make him by inch-meal a Diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs muſt curſe, but they'l not pinch, fright me with Urchin ſhows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em: but for every trifle he ſets them on me; ſometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiſs me to madneſs. Hah! yonder ſtands one of his ſpirits ſent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fiſh?
This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy day Fool there but would give me
Six pence for the ſight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a preſent for an Emperour.
Come hither, pretty Monſter, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring thee Wood home faſter.

Trinc. He talks none of the wiſeſt, but I'll give him
A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his underſtanding.
Come on your ways, Maſter Monſter, open your mouth.
How now, you perverſe Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!
Open your chops, I ſay. [*Pours Wine down his throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœleſtial Liquor;
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monſter; Monſter, what ſayſt thou, art thou content to turn civil and ſober, as I am? for then thou ſhalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll ſwear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did'ſt thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very ſhallow Monſter.

Calib I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch i' th' Iſle, and kiſs thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn Monſter, in good faith.

Calib.

Calib. I'll ſhew thee the beſt Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curſe upon the Tyrant whom I ſerve, I'll bear him
No more ſticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monſter is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare
The Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluſter'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monſter comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Iſland?

Calib. Divine, here is but one beſides my ſelf;
My lovely Siſter, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is ſhe?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, ſhall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She ſhall ſwear upon the Bottle too.
If ſhe proves handſome ſhe is mine: Here, Monſter,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou ſhalt ſpeak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel, old Maſter, farewel, farewel.

Sings. *No more Dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape Trencher, nor waſh Diſh,
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monſter,
And his Siſter: well, Duke *Stephano*, I ſay, and ſay agen,
Wars will enſue, and ſo I drink. [*Drinks.*
From this Worſhipful Monſter, and Miſtriſs
Monſter his Siſter,
I'll lay claim to this Iſland by alliance:
Monſter, I ſay, thy Siſter ſhall be my Spouſe:
Come away, Brother Monſter, I'll lead thee to my Butt,
And drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Cypreſs Trees and Cave.

Enter Proſpero *alone.*

Proſp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* ſo near them in this Iſle,
Whoſe Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care;
Till my falſe Brother (when he deſign'd t' uſurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate

He

He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I ſaw death threat'ning him, if, till ſome time were
Paſt, he ſhould behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy ſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe not me for thy reſtraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Only to change my Priſon, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Proſp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his ſhapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Priſoner.

Proſp. 'Tis pity he ſhould ſeize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you ſay, no Creature liv'd
Within this Iſle, but thoſe which Man was Lord of;
Why then ſhould I fear?

Proſp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who ſhare Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depoſe him from it.

Hip. What are thoſe Creatures, Sir?

Proſp. Thoſe dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are Women like?

Proſp. Imagine ſomething between young Men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and having killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all enchantment, thoſe who once behold 'em,
Are made their ſlaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Proſp. 'Tis but in vain,
They'l haunt you in your very ſleep

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Proſp. You are without all poſſibility of revenge,
They are ſo beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,
Nor wiſh to hurt them.

Hip. Are they ſo beautiful?

Proſp. Calm ſleep is not ſo ſoft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer ſhades ſo pleaſant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the gloſs upon the necks of Doves?

Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?
Theſe I have ſeen, and without danger wondred at.
Proſp. All theſe are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you ſhould chance to ſee 'em,
Avoid 'em ſtreight I charge you.
Hip. Well, ſince you ſay they are ſo dangerous,
I'll ſo far ſhun 'em as I may with ſafety of the
Unblemiſh'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm ſure I ſhall
Not then forbear them.
Proſp. Go in and read the Book I gave you laſt.
To morrow I may bring you better news.
Hip. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. So, ſo; I hope this Leſſon has ſecur'd him,
For I have been conſtrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where firſt I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Becauſe the Shipwrack happen'd near his Manſion.
I hope he will not ſtir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The Planets ſeem to ſmile on my deſigns,
And yet there is one ſullen Cloud behind,
I would it were diſperſt. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How, my Daughters! I thought I had inſtructed
Them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.
Proſp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?
Proſp. All that you can imagine ill is there,
The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not ſo dreadful as that Man.
Mir. Oh me, why ſtay we here then?
Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.
Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.
Proſp. I Child! but I am a tame Man; old Men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild
Young Man.
Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?
Proſp No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,
And in Cloſets.
Dor. But, Father, I would ſtroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,
Then ſure they would not hurt me.
Proſp. You muſt not truſt them, Child: no Woman can come

Near

Near 'em, but ſhe feels a pain, full nine months.
Well, I muſt in; for new affairs require my
Preſence: be you, *Miranda*, your Siſters Guardian. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Dor. Come, Siſter, ſhall we walk the other way?
The Man will catch us elſe: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Siſter, though he have; yet look about you,
And we ſhall ſpy him ere he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture firſt, for ſure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him ſitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he ſhall not ſee us.

Dor. I but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who ſhall tell him on't? we'l keep each
Others Counſel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how ſhall we hereafter ſhun him, if we do not
Know him firſt?

Dor. Nay, I confeſs I would fain ſee him too. I find it in my
Nature, becauſe my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing, I had been quiet. Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick, and becken me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my ſelf to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.

Mir. And if I can but ſcape with Life, I had rather be in pain nine months, as my Father threatn'd, than loſe my longing. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene continues. *Enter* Hippolito.

Hip. *Proſpero* has often ſaid, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are Women made?
Are they to ſuck the poiſon of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Queſtion, when next I ſee him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Siſter, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, juſt ſo, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! it talks, ſure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; ſee, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Siſter! I'll go to it.

I would not for the World that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Siſter,
He'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he ſhall eat me firſt:
Fie, are you not aſham'd to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your ſelf.

Mi. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already.
I'll meet the danger firſt, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Siſter, you ſhall never vanquiſh me in kindneſs.
I'll venture you no more than you will me

Proſp. within. Miranda, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but ſay my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'l repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I die for't, I muſt have the other peep.

Hip. ſeeing her. What thing is that? ſure 'tis ſome Infant of the Sun, dreſs'd in his Fathers gayeſt Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my ſight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to ſhut my Eyes.
I muſt go nearer it —— but ſtay a while;
May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd ſooner tear my Eyes out, than conſent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'r prove ſo to that which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never diſobey'd) to ſhun your preſence, yet I'd rather die than loſe it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I muſt confeſs, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I ſhall wiſh I were ſome other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poiſon to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we muſt die?

Hip. I hope not ſo! for when two poiſonous Creatures,
Both of the ſame kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've ſeen two Serpents harmleſs to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:
If we have any venome in us, ſure, we cannot be more
Poiſonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Siſter's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's ſomething,
When I touch yours, which makes me ſigh: juſt ſo
I've ſeen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleaſing grief; and ſo me thought was theirs:
For ſtill they mourn'd, and ſtill they ſeem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the ſame ſenſe too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleaſes, though it pains me.

Proſp. within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I muſt leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm ſubject to the ſame command.

Dor. This is my firſt offence againſt my Father,
Which he, by ſevering us, too cruelly does puniſh.

Hip. And this is my firſt treſpaſs too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He ſaid our meeting would deſtructive be,
But I no death but in our parting ſee. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE III. *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beſeech your Grace be merry: you have cauſe, ſo have we all, of joy, for our ſtrange 'ſcape; then wiſely, good Sir, weigh our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace, you cram theſe words into my Ears, againſt my ſtomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to ſome ſtrange Fiſh?

Anto. Sir, he may live, I ſaw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, *Antonio*, were thoſe who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then we ſhould have help'd it, when thou betrai'dſt thy Brother *Proſpero*, and *Mantua*'s Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right: Then loſt we *Ferdinand*; Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempeſt.

Ant. Indeed we firſt broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have loſt an only Son. I did uſurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am caſt upon this Deſart-Iſle.

Gonz. Theſe, Sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of a black die; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into *Portugal*; where, in defence of Chriſtianity, your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;

No

No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Muſt we teach Heav'n what price to ſet on Murder! what rate on lawleſs Power and wild Ambition! or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and ſell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*A flouriſh of Muſick.*

Gonz. Muſick! and in the air! ſure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of ſome merry Devil!

Ant. This Iſle's Inchanted ground; for I have heard ſwift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans of lamenting Ghoſts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and bloud purſu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life ſhall mark my penitence and my bounty. [*Muſick agen louder.*
Hark, the ſounds approach us! [*The Stage opens in ſeveral places.*

Ant. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
Theſe dreadful horrors, and the guilty ſenſe of my foul Treaſon, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of ſwift deſtruction ſtand;
No means of our eſcape is left. [*Another flouriſh of Voices under the Stage.*

Ant. Ah! what amazing ſounds are theſe we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Maſque will the dire Fiends preſent?

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reſide,*
With the miſchievous Devil of Pride?
2. Dev. *In the loweſt and darkeſt Caverns of Hell*
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.
1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt?*
3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*
1. Dev. *Damned Princes there*
The worſt of torments bear;
3. Dev. *Who in Earth all others in pleaſures excel,*
Muſt feel the worſt torments of Hell.
[*They riſe ſinging this Chorus.*

Ant. Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Viſion's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!

Alon. What fearful vengeance is in ſtore for us!

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,*
Should in pains all others exceed;
2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,*
And their Crowns unjuſtly get;
And ſuch who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet.
3. Dev. } *——In Hell, in Hell with flames they ſhall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.*

Ant. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite ſtock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miſerable, guilty Men!

Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompaſs us!
For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer!

Alon. For ever we ſhall periſh! O diſmal words, for ever!

1. Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*
2. Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport!*
3. Dev. —— *His cruelty does tread*
On Orphans tender breaſts, and Brothers dead!
2 Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch crimes ſhould be*
Attended with felicity?
3 Dev. *No, Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,*
In the midſt of their Guards they their Conſciences fear.
2 Dev. } *Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*
Chor. } *And we with dire viſions diſturb all their ſleep.*

Ant. Oh horrid ſight! how they ſtare upon us!
The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Manſion.
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1. Dev. *Say, Say, ſhall we bear theſe bold Mortals from hence?*
2. Dev. *No, no, let us ſhow their degrees of offence.*
3. Dev. *Let's muſter their crimes up on every ſide,*
And firſt let's diſcover their pride.

Enter *Pride.*

Pride. *Lo here is Pride, who firſt led them aſtray,*
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.

Enter *Fraud.*

Fraud. *And Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from vertue fled,
They in my crooked paths their courſe did ſteer.

Enter *Rapine.*

Rapine. *From Fraud to Force they ſoon arrive,*
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter *Murder.*

Murder. *There long they could not ſtay;*
Down the ſteep Hill they run,
And to perfect the miſchief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.

Chorus of all. *Around, around we pace,*
About this curſed place;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin. [*Devils vaniſh.*

Ant. Heav'n has heard me, they are vaniſh'd!
Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd?
I feel my ſinews ſlacken with the fright;
And a cold ſweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into water.
Oh *Proſpero*, my crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart!
Ant. And mine 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito.*
Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.
Alon. Lead from this curſed ground;

The Seas in all their rage are not ſo dreadful.
This is the Region of deſpair and death.

Alonz. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The ſhadows of the Trees are poiſonous too: a ſecret venom ſlides from every branch! my Conſcience does diſtract me! O my Son! why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe, before I know thy fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil riſes juſt before them, at which they ſtart, and are frighted.*

Alonz. O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil ſings. *Ariſe, ariſe! ye ſubterranean winds,*
More to diſturb their guilty minds.
And all ye filthy damps and vapours riſe,
Which uſe t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Riſe you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vaſt and hollow womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys ſhake,
And ſtately Cities into Deſarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrals burn.
Ye raging winds, whoſe rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and ſolid Centre ſhake:
Come drive theſe Wretches to that part o' th' Iſle,
Where Nature never yet did ſmile:
Cauſe Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languiſh in deſpair.
Riſe and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Iſle.

Two Winds riſe, Ten more enter and dance.

At the end of the Dance, Three winds ſink, the reſt driven off. *Ant. Gonz.* off.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *and* Milcha *inviſible.*

Ariel. *COme unto theſe yellow ſands,*
And then take hands,
Curtſi'd when you have, and kiſs'd;
The wild waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet ſprights the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear

The ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer,
Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i' th' air, or earth? it ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon ſome God i' th' Iſland; ſitting on a Bank, weeping againſt the Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Muſick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my paſſion with charming Aires. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone: No, it begins again.

Milcha ſings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones is Coral made:
Thoſe are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade.
But does ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor a ſound which the Earth owns ——
I hear it now before me; however I will on and follow it.

[*Exit* Ferd. *following* Ariel.

SCENE II. *The Cypreſs-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Excuſe it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more diſcreet) I gave the conduct of your Siſters actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Proſp. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not ſee the Man whom I commanded you to ſhun?

Mir. I muſt confeſs I ſaw him at a diſtance.

Proſp. Did not his Eyes infect and poiſon you?
What alteration found you in your ſelf?

Mir. I only wondred at a ſight ſo new.

Proſp. But have you no deſire once more to ſee him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayeſt thing I ever ſaw, ſo fine, that it appear'd more fit to be belov'd than fear'd, and ſeem'd ſo near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Siſter.

Proſp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I ſhould, except the thing had firſt lov'd me?

Proſp. Cheriſh thoſe thoughts: you have a gen'rous Soul;
And ſince I ſee your mind not apt to take the light
Impreſſions of a ſudden love, I will unfold
A ſecret to your knowledge.

That

That Creature which you ſaw, is of a kind which
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propoſe him as an object of terrour to my mind? you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you ſaid, I did believe as ſacred.

Proſp. I fear'd the pleaſing form of this young Man
Might unawares poſſeſs your tender Breaſt,
Which for a nobler Gueſt I had deſign'd;
For ſhortly, my *Miranda*, you ſhall ſee another of this kind,
The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the
Op'ning Bud. Go in, and ſend your Siſter to me.

Mir. Heav'n ſtill preſerve you, Sir. [*Exit* Miranda.

Proſp. And make thee fortunate.

Enter Dorinda.

O, Come hither, you have ſeen a Man to day,
Againſt my ſtrict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I ſaw him but a little, Sir.

Proſp. Come, come, be clear. Your Siſter told me all.

Dor. Did ſhe? truly ſhe would have ſeen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Proſp. Why ſo?

Dor. Becauſe, methought, he would have hurt me leſs
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Proſp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that ſincerity I taught you,
How you became ſo bold to ſee the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, becauſe I did not ſee him much till he ſaw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and ſtar'd, and ſtar'd upon my Face; and ſo I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a Man again ——

Proſp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are miſtaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Proſp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

Proſp. The way to cure you, is no more to ſee him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, ſay not ſo, I promis'd him
To ſee him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I ſhould never break my Promiſe.

Proſp. Wou'd you ſee him who did you ſo much miſchief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he ſigh'd ſo, as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Proſp. Thoſe ſighs were poiſonous, they infected you:

You

You ſay, they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Proſp. Theſe are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.
But ſtill I fear the worſt.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

Proſp. You ſpeak of him with too much Paſſion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What paſt betwixt you and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any elſe but you ſhould call it ſo, indeed I ſhould be angry.

Proſp. Go too! you are a fooliſh Girl; but anſwer to what I ask, what thought you when you ſaw it?

Dor. At firſt it ſtar'd upon me, and ſeem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd ſo lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet ſeem'd faſten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ranſome for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth ſo eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have ſwallow'd it.

Proſp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a ſudden grew ſo tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
'Agen, my heart did beat ſo ſtrong, as I lack'd breath
To anſwer what he ask'd.

Proſp. You have been too fond, and I ſhould chide you for it.

Dor. Then ſend me to that Creature to be puniſh'd.

Proſp. Poor Child! thy Paſſion, like a lazy Ague,
Has ſeiz'd thy bloud, inſtead of ſtriving, thou humour'ſt
And feed'ſt thy languiſhing diſeaſe: thou fight'ſt
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,
Juſt ſtragg'd from the Neſt: pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

Proſp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your ſelf reſerv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at diſtance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Proſp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will deſpiſe you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll ſtruggle with my heart to follow this,

But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back agen?
Proſp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But uſe him ill, and he'l be yours for ever.
Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [*Exit* Dor.
Proſp. Now my deſigns are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel!* my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?
Enter Ariel.
Ariel. What wou'd my potent Maſter? Here I am.
Proſp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform, and I muſt uſe you in ſuch another
Work; how goes the day?
Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the ſixth,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Proſp. And ſo it ſhall;
And thou ſhalt have the open air at freedom.
Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.
Proſp. But tell me firſt, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot ſtir one ſtep beyond their compaſs.
Proſp. How do they bear their ſorrows?
Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men diſtracted, their
Attendants brim-full of ſorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Viſion did ſo work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.
Proſp. Do'ſt thou think ſo, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Proſp. And mine ſhall:
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and ſhall not I (a Man like them, one
Who as ſharply relliſh paſſions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reaſon 'gainſt my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refreſh with needful food their
Famiſh'd Bodies. With ſhows and cheerful
Muſick comfort 'em.
Ariel. Preſently, Maſter.
Proſp. With a twinkle, *Ariel*. But ſtay, my Spirit;

What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Sister?
Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have caſt off your ſervice, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Iſland into Governments.
Proſp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I ſtay thee on the Wing;
Haſt to perform what I have given in charge:
But ſee they keep within the bounds I ſet 'em.
Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Inviſible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpaſſable.
Proſp. Make haſt then. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Wild Iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my ſelf ſeiz'd
With a wearineſs, to the dulling of my Spirits: [*They ſit.*
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we ſtray to find.
I'm faint with hunger, and muſt deſpair of food. [*Muſick without.*
What! Harmony agen, my good Friends, hearк!
Ant. I fear ſome other horrid Apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven, I beſeech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis chearful Muſick this, unlike the firſt.

Ariel and Mitcha *inviſible, ſing.*

Dry thoſe Eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your ſtorms are overblowing:
While you in this Iſle are biding,
You ſhall feaſt without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Alonz. This voice ſpeaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Muſick in a Song
To me, my ſtomach being empty.
Gonz. O for a Heavenly Viſion of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roaſted!

[*Dance of fantaſtick Spirits, after the Dance, a Table furniſh'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*

Ant. My Lord, the Duke, ſee yonder.
A Table, as I live, ſet out and furniſh'd
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alonz.

Alonz. 'Tis ſo indeed; but who dares taſte this feaſt
Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poiſon us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be ſo ill-natur'd, he may do his pleaſure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we muſt either eat or famiſh;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both reſolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he ſhall not ſtarve me.

[*Two Spirits deſcend, and flie away with the Table.*

Alonz. Heav'n! behold, it is as you ſuſpected: 'tis vaniſh'd.
Shall we be always haunted with theſe Fiends?

Ant. Here we ſhall wander till we famiſh.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was ſo wicked as to ſay Grace: This comes on't, when Men will be godly out of ſeaſon.

Ant. Yonder's another Table, let's try that —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monſter, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Siſter, is ſhe ſo brave a Laſs?

Calib. In all this Iſle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Proſpero*; and ſhe is bigger than 'em both. O here ſhe comes; now thou may'ſt judge thy ſelf, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monſtrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouſe? well, ſhe's Heir of all this Iſle (for I will geld Monſter). The *Trincalo*'s, like other wiſe Men, have antiently us'd to marry for Eſtate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wriſt. [Sycorax *points to his Boſens Whiſtle and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, obſerve my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuſs, thou doſt not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It ſhall be a Whiſtle for our firſt Babe, and when the next Ship-wrack puts me again to ſwimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it firſt.

Trinc. I prithee, ſweet Baby, do not play the Wanton, and cry for my goods e'r I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou ſhalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. Shall ſhe not taſte of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another queſtion: for if ſhe be thus flipant in her Water, what will ſhe be in her Wine?

[*Enter* Ariel (*inviſible*) *and changes the Bottle which ſtands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! ſince it muſt be ſo. [*Gives her the Bottle.*
How do you like it now, my Queen that Muſt be? [*She drinks.*

Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor?
I'll bring you to a River of the ſame.

Trinc. Wilt thou ſo, Madam Monſter? what a mighty Prince ſhall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Iſland drink ſuch, they are the merrieſt Frogs in Chriſtendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this Liquor:
I prithee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well ſaid, Subject Monſter. [Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou haſt chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fiſh as thou art. Let me ſee't,
I'll taſte it my ſelf. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulph, ſuch as this, which kill'd my famous
Predeceſſor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy ſhoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquoriſh Monſter.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this muſt be done by one of *Proſpero*'s Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in theſe Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their ſakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly ſaid, in troth: now cannot I hold out againſt her.
This Wife-like virtue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou ſhalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:
But prithee be not too boiſtrous with me at firſt;
Do not diſcourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouſe,
And ſubject Monſter; [*Enter* Steph. Muſt. Vent.
The Enemy is come to ſurpriſe us in our Quarters.
You ſhall know, Rebels, that I am marri'd to a Witch,
And we have a thouſand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a ſmall remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth; I'll not accept of your Embaſſie without my Title.

Steph. A Title ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his ſtyle of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilſt I walk by in ſtate.

[Ventoſo *and* Muſtacho *bow, whilſt* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*

Muſt.

Muſt. Our Lord and Maſter, Duke *Stephano*, has ſent us
In the firſt place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make War againſt him, having no right
To govern here, as being elected only by
Your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I anſwer, That having in the face of the World
Eſpous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Iſland,
Queen *Blouze* the Firſt, and having homage done me,
By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from theſe two
I claim a lawful Title to this Iſland,

Muſt. Who that Monſter? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,
I adviſe you, and proceed to your buſineſs.

Muſt. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your claim that you have anſwer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you,
That if we make a Peace, the Butt alſo may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour, without your ſubmiſſion.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Embaſſadors, what your reſolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and ſo I take our leave; but firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embaſſadors.

Trinc. That I refuſe, till acts of hoſtility be ceas'd.
Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Embaſſadors;
I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the ſecrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo, you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monſter! ſtand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feaſt our ſelves within. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel *and* Milcha (*inviſible.*)

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſician conduct
My ſteps? he hovers ſtill about me, whether
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been ſo long a ſlave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns,
But here I am ——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou ſo? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:
This might ſeem pleaſant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but ſighs.
And my laſt words, like thoſe of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to ſhades, where
Few would wiſh to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,

But I'll not take his counſel.

Ariel. Take his counſel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counſel, I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep further.

Ariel. One ſtep further.

Ferd. This muſt have more importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My ſorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

He ſings.

Go thy way.

Ariel. *Go thy way.*

Ferd. *Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?*

Ariel. *Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?*

Ferd. *Where the winds whiſtle, and where the ſtreams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone,

Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*

Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune ſmile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Muſician. [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE IV. *The Cypreſs-trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.

Proſp. No, Girl, it eats, and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſences as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſeeſt, was in the wrack; were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (beauty's worſt cancker) thou might'ſt call him a goodly perſon; he has loſt his Company, and ſtrays about to find 'em.

Mir.

Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Proſp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's ſure the Miſtriſs on whom theſe Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to inſtruct me how you will be worſhip'd; ſo bright a beauty cannot ſure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if ſuch you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heaven's! I am the beſt of them who ſpeak this Speech when I'm in my own Country.

Proſp. How, the beſt? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee ſpeak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my ſelf am *Savoy*, whoſe fatal Eyes (e'r ſince at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Proſp. At the firſt ſight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this —— young, Sir, a word.
With hazard of your ſelf you do me wrong.

Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently?
This is the third Man that e'r I ſaw, the firſt whom
E'r I ſigh'd for, ſweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,
I'll make you Miſtriſs of *Savoy*.

Proſp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others powers, but this ſwift
Buſ'neſs I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light
Winning make the prize light —— one word more.
Thou uſurp'ſt the name not due to thee, and haſt
Put thy ſelf upon this Iſland as a Spy to get the
Government from me the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If th' evil Spirit hath ſo fair a Houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with it.

Proſp. No more. Speak not for him, he's a Traytor.
Come! thou art my Pris'ner, and ſhalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the freſh-Brook Muſcles, wither'd Roots,
And Huſks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

Ferd. No, I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power. [*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*

Mir. O dear Father! make not too raſh a trial
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.

Proſp. My Child, my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traytor,

Who

Who mak'ſt a ſhow, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy
Conſcience is poſſeſs'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here diſarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beſeech you, Father.

Proſp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.

Proſp. Silence! one word more ſhall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an
Impoſtor? ſure thou think'ſt there are no more
Such ſhapes as his?
To the moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections are then moſt humble,
I have no ambition to ſee a goodlier Man.

Proſp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, would ſeem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Priſon behold this Maid:
All corners elſe o' th' Earth let liberty make uſe of:
I have ſpace enough in ſuch a Priſon.

Proſp. It works: come on:
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:* follow me.
Hark what thou ſhalt more do for me. [*Whiſpers* Ariel.

Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Thou ſhalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my command.

Ariel. To a ſyllable. [*Exit* Ariel.

Proſp. to Mir. Go in that way, ſpeak not a word for him:
I'll ſeparate you. [*Exit* Miranda.

Ferd. As ſoon thou may'ſt divide the Waters
When thou ſtrik'ſt 'em, which purſue thy bootleſs blow,
And meet when 'tis paſt.

Proſp. Go practiſe your Philoſophy within,
And if you are the ſame you ſpeak your ſelf,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince —— That door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ſtrive, I muſt obey. [*Exit* Ferd.

Proſp.

Proſp. This goes as I would wiſh it.
Now for my ſecond care, *Hippolito*.
I ſhall not need to chide him for his fault,
His paſſion is become his puniſhment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.
Hip. entring. 'Tis *Proſpero*'s voice.
Proſp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I ſhould ſeverely chide you: you have ſeen a Woman in contempt of my commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you ſee I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.
Proſp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt?
Hip. No, none, Sir.
Try me agen, when e'r you pleaſe I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.
Proſp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aſide.*
Well! what was the ſucceſs of your encounter?
Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at firſt,
For I took her to mercy, and ſhe me.
Proſp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?
Hip. Methinks I wiſh and wiſh! for what I know not,
But ſtill I wiſh —— yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wiſh for.
Proſp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?
Hip. I'd quit the reſt o' th' World, that I might live alone with Her, ſhe never ſhould be from me.
We two would ſit and look till our Eyes ak'd.
Proſp. You'd ſoon be weary of her.
Hip. O, Sir, never.
Proſp. But you'l grow old and wrinkl'd, as you ſee me now,
And then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you pleaſe, but, Sir, we two can never poſſibly grow old.
Proſp. You muſt, *Hippolito*.
Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who ſhall make us?
Proſp. Nature, which made me ſo.
Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but ſhe has made us young.
Proſp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be ſure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want
Fit occaſions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a ſtranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble preſence, and, as he ſays himſelf,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction: viſit, and comfort him; it will become you.
Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. True, he has ſeen a Woman, yet he lives; perhaps I took the

moment of his birth amiſs, perhaps my Art it ſelf is falſe: on what ſtrange grounds we build our hopes and fears, Man's Life is all a miſt, and in the dark, our Fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foreſee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Scene, a Cave.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas ſad to loſe a Father ſo.

Hip. I, and an onely Father too, for ſure you ſaid
You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous ſimple! [*Aſide.*

Hip. Are ſuch misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many men live?

Ferd. Such are we born to.
But, gentle Youth, as you have queſtion'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How ſhould I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not ſo:
Well, *Proſpero!* this is now the ſecond time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:
But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been ſo much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have ſtill been kept a Priſoner for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for ſince I came, I have beheld one here, whoſe Beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did ſhe pierce, you ſeem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And feſters by her abſence.
But, to ſpeak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I ſuſpect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me, truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet ſince you ſaw her?

Ferd. I take no reſt.

Hip. Juſt, juſt my diſeaſe.
Do you not wiſh you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wiſh.

Hip. There, I confeſs, I differ from you, Sir:
But you deſire ſhe may be always with you?

Ferd.

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Juſt my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you ſhall pity me.

Ferd. I love ſo much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that muſt not be:
For none but I muſt have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the ſame:
All Beauties are not pleaſing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Beſides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a ſtrange queſtion. There are many more beſides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind. if there be a hundred of 'em:

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you ſay.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you muſt be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is againſt my nature.
I muſt love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I muſt have her.

Ferd. His ſimplicity [*Aſide.*
Is ſuch, that I can ſcarce be angry with him,
Perhaps, ſweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already I love, becauſe ſhe is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do reſemble
Her whom I've already ſeen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are ſo good, and Angel like, as ſhe I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, reſtrain you from it.

Hip. Why do ſo if you can. But either promiſe me
To love no Woman, or you muſt try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I muſt love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Proſpero* taught me Friendſhip too: you ſhall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women ſhall be mine.

Ferd. I muſt break off this Conference, or he will
Urge me elſe beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! ſome other time we will ſpeak

Farther concerning both our loves; at present
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Hip. This stranger does insult, and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Pros. YOur suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw;
I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Pros. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Pros. This may secure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of Fortune. [*Exit.* Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship: I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle than your Father's Cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Priſon?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and ſilence wait upon our wiſhes; do but think we chuſe it, and 'tis what we would chuſe.

Mir. I'm ſure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are falſe.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their falſe Lovers with their Ghoſts.

Ferd. Your Ghoſt muſt take another form to fright me,
This ſhape will be too pleaſing: do I love you?
O Heaven! O Earth! bear witneſs to this ſound,
If I prove falſe ——

Mir. Oh hold, you ſhall not ſwear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forſworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeſerv'd Captivity, than I could wiſh to gain my freedom with the loſs of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a ſuit to you, and that, Sir, ſhall be now the only trial of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave ſaid enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my ſake, who for his own deſerves all the reſpect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his uſage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all theſe wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a requeſt, which (if you love, I ſhould not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your ſake?

Mir. Yes ſuch a one, who, for his ſweetneſs and his goodly ſhape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can ſcarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I for your ſake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple to grant the firſt requeſt I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Converſation. You ſhould have compaſſion on ſo meer a ſtranger.

Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend, not whom you praiſe.

Mir. Come, you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.

Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.

Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?
Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I have done, ſo full of youth and beauty.

Ferd. O Poiſon to my hopes! [*Aſide.*

When

When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
But has not learn'd the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me —— [*A noise within.*
Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father comes, I know
His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!
Oh Love! how you distract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love [*Enter* Prospero.

Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.

Mir. Yes.

Prosp. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Prosp. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight
A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Prosp, aside. I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.

Mir. aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can make him think I do not love the stranger much, he'l let me see him oftner.
[*Exit* Miranda.

Prosp. Stay! stay —— I had forgot to ask her what she had said
Of young *Hippolito!* Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda.* I'll not be seen, let [*Enter* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in secret. [*Exit.* Prospero.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful?

Hip. I have within me all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news!
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes, drew
Something in, I know not what it is;

But

But ſtill it entertains me with ſuch thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you bleſſed news,
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.
Dor. Is this your news? you ſee it moves not me.
Hip. And I'll have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with theſe Women?
Dor. I never ſaw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a baſe poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Siſter?
Hip. Is ſhe your Siſter? I'm glad o' that: you ſhall help me to her, and I'll love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counſel which enjoin'd reſervedneſs, [*Aſide.*
Was not in vain, I ſee.
Hip. What makes you ſhun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'l have my Siſter's hand.
Hip. Why, muſt not he who touches hers, touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why ſhould not I do ſo?
Dor. She is my Siſter, and therefore I muſt love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Siſters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.
Hip. O but you muſt;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Siſter told me ſhe had ſeen another;
A Man like you, and ſhe lik'd only him;
Therefore if one muſt be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If ſhe like him, ſhe may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you ſee that Man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'll ſee neither of you.

Hip.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monſtrous Creature,
I am but a Woman to him.
Dor. I will ſee him,
Except you'l promiſe not to ſee my Siſter.
Hip. Yes, for your ſake, I needs muſt ſee your Siſter.
Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Siſter, ſhe would eat me; therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair, and like you.
Dor. No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and ſhe may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.
Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly! before he ſees you.
Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?
Hip. Y' are a loſt Woman if you ſee him.
Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear you
Should not find me. I'll avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Siſter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman;
All of a kind that I have ſeen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are ſo. [*Enter* Ferdinand.
Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
Y' have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.
Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you ſure on't?
Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her ſake.
Hip. Then I muſt have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatſoe'r it be,
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.
Hip. But for a Friend you ſhould make haſte; I ne'r ask'd
Any thing of you before.
Ferd. I ſee your Ignorance;
And therefore will inſtruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, ſaw you, and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'l cauſe my death.
Hip. Be ſure I'll do't then.
Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I requeſt you that you would not love her.
Hip. When Friends requeſt unreaſonable things,
Sure th' are to be deny'd: you ſay ſhe's fair,
And I muſt love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a ſecret, Sir, which I have lately found

Within

Within my ſelf; they 're all made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one,
And one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there ſo many be i' th' World)
So that if once I ſee her, I ſhall love her.
Ferd. Then do not ſee her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I muſt ſee her.
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Juſt as it did when I firſt ſaw her Siſter.
Ferd. I find I muſt not let you ſee her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as ſtrong as yours.
Ferd. He's ſtill ſo ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid Force: pray do not ſee her, ſhe was
Mine firſt; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet conſider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to diſſemble what I
Think, is baſe. In honour then of truth, I muſt
Declare that I do love, and I will ſee your Woman.
Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I ſhould ſee and love your
Woman, and endeavour to ſeduce her from that
Affection which ſhe vow'd to you?
Hip. I wou'd not you ſhould do it, but if ſhe ſhould
Love you beſt, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear ſhe ſhou'd, I will provide againſt
The worſt, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Beſides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not ſee her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have ſuch beauty,
If that will get me Women, they ſhall have it
As far as e'r 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then ſince you have refus'd this act of Friendſhip,
Provide your ſelf a Sword, for we muſt fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why ſuch a thing as this.
Hip. What ſhould I do with it?
Ferd. You muſt ſtand thus, and puſh againſt me,
While I puſh at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave ſport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange Ignorance! you must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*
I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit:
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.
Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'r be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.
Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your Life, but, if you please, we'll fight on
These conditions; He who first draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women shall be his.
Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win these first.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *The Wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.
Trinc. Whom?
Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.
Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of parts, I would make thee
My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave
Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want
Of behaviour.
Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
Just as I am to thee.
Trinc. No, that's against the Fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.
Trinc. Peace or War?
Must. Peace, and the Butt.
Steph. I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc.

Trinc. You ſhall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the firſt fruits of it, amongſt all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban*, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowſe to her Graces Health, and to the *Haunſe in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I gueſs it will be half Fiſh. [*Aſide.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiſtrate, here's thy Siſter's health to thee.

[*Drinks to* Caliban.

Syc. He ſhall not drink of that immortal Liquor,
My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you muſt not ſhame your ſelf to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huſwifry:
She wants a little breeding, but ſhe's hearty.

Muſt. Ventoſo, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bellies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now would I lay greatneſs aſide, and ſhake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou ſhalt hear them in the air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. ſings. *We want Muſick, we want Mirth,*
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Muſick, and pay nothing for't?

[*A Table riſes, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vaniſh, and the Table ſinks agen.*

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Muſt. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow Fellow, if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc. Stephano, give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*
Prithee why ſhould we quarrel? ſhall I ſwear
Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witneſs whereof I drink ſoundly.

Steph. Your Grace ſhall find there's no love loſt,
For I will pledge you ſoundly.

Trinc. Thou haſt been a falſe Rebel, but that's all one;
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. Caliban,
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it ſounds:

Peer *Stephano*, doſt thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'ſt me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, p ithee tell me what Thou think'ſt of my Princeſs?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princeſs.

Trinc. Noble? indeed ſhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounſor *De-Viles* in *France*; but look on her Beauty, is ſhe a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her Behaviour too, ſhe's tipling yonder with the Serving men.

Steph. An't pleaſe your Grace, ſhe's ſomewhat homely, but that's no blemiſh in a Princeſs. She is Virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! Virtuous! I am loath to diſparage her; But thou art my Friend, canſt thou be cloſe?

Steph. As a ſtopt Bottle, an't pleaſe your Grace.

[*Enter* Caliban *agen with a Bottle.*

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-Tree, upon a ſweet Bed of Nettles, ſinging Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marri'd her to be a great Man and ſo forth; but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and ſo here's to thee agen, give me the Bottle, *Caliban*! did you knock the Butt? how does it ſound?

Calib. It ſounds as though it had a noiſe within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Muſt. A ſhort life and a merry, I ſay. [Steph. *whiſpers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you ſo?

Steph. He ſaid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marri'd you only to get poſſeſſion of the Iſland.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Fathers too, hem! Skink about his Graces health agen. O if you will but caſt an Eye of pity upon me ——

Syc. I will caſt two Eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moſs, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. Trincalo was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didſt thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my ſelf, wilt thou leave him, and thou ſhalt be my Princeſs?

Syc. If thou canſt make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me?

me? how does my Pigs-nye? [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou ſhalt not be my Lord, thou ſay'ſt I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her ſo —— hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I ſee if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand.

[*Strikes* Stephano.

Syc. Doſt thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treaſon! Treaſon!

[Vent. Muſt. Calib. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms firſt, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This falſe Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Boſom.

[*Whiſpers* Muſtacho *haſtily.*

Muſtacho, ſtrike on my ſide, and thou ſhalt be my Vice-Roy.

Muſt. I'm againſt Rebels! *Ventoſo*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two fight off from the reſt.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monſter! do you ſtand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'ſt drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had ſuch a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *fight*, Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and ſhall I ſtand idle?

[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.

I'll not purſue too far,
For fear the Enemy ſhould rally agen, and ſurpriſe my Butt in the Citta-del; well, I muſt be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, ſhe will be in the Faſhion elſe; firſt, Cuckold her Husband, and then ſue for a Separation, to get Alimony. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Cypreſs-trees and Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (*with their Swords drawn.*)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your ſelf, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muſt fight?
Who firſt receives a wound is to ſubmit.

Hip. Come, come, this loſes time; now for the Women, Sir. [*They fight a little*, Ferdinand *hurts him.*

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your bloud.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[Hip. *preſſes on*, Ferd. *retires and wards.*

Ferd.

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you shall see my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loss of bloud, I see you stagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne'r go back ——
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find ——
Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust. [Hippolito *thrusts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth!
Help! help! [*Enter* Prospero.
Prosp. What dismal noise is that?
Ferd. O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence ——
Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What, *Ariel?* sluggish Spirit, where art thou? [*Enter* Ariel.
Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Prosp. I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature, for as thou art thy self, thou
Canst not but be glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Blossom.
Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness
I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.
Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action then?
Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,

To

To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightſome Regions of the Air,
(My Native Fields) above a hundred years.
Proſp. I'll Chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*;
I'll ſinge thy airy Wings with ſulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender noſtrils with blew ſmoak,
At ev'ry Hickup of the belching Mountain,
Thou ſhalt be lifted up to taſte freſh air,
And then fall down agen.
Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.
Proſp. No more of pardon than juſt Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'r find from me: hence! fly with ſpeed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, ſtreight
Before me.
Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought. [*Exit* Ariel.
Ferd. O Heavens! what words are thoſe I heard?
Yet cannot ſee who ſpoke 'em: ſure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, ſome aiery Viſion.
Proſp. No, Murd'rer, ſhe's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black-Crimes;
Yet ſhe had faults, and muſt be puniſh'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda!* where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accompliſh'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to ſee you once agen?
Proſp. You come to look your laſt; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my bleſſing, ſpeak not, nor approach him.
Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Siſter's Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not ſo excellent
As my *Hippolito.*
Proſp. Alas, poor Girl, thou haſt no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies aſleep, Sir, ſhall I waken him?
[*She kneels by* Hippolito, *and jogs him.*
Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.
Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not ſpeak to me?
I fear you have diſpleas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not anſwer me, he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run ſtreight, and make a fire to warm him. [*Exit* Dorinda *running.*
Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*inviſible.*)
Alonz. Never were Beaſts ſo hunted into Toils,
As we have been purſu'd by dreadful ſhapes.

But

But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*
If thou art not a Ghoſt, let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My Father! O ſiniſter happineſs! Is it
Decreed I ſhould recover you alive, juſt in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is loſt in Death,
And by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
Gonz. This Iſle is full of nothing elſe.
Proſp. You ſtare upon me as
You ne'r had ſeen me; have fifteen years
So loſt me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Proſpero?*
Gonz. The good old Duke of *Milain!*
Proſp. I wonder leſs, that thou, *Antonio*, know'ſt me not,
Becauſe thou didſt long ſince forget I was thy Brother,
Elſe I never had been here.
Ant. Shame choaks my words.
Alonz. And wonder mine.
Proſp. For you, uſurping Prince, [*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you were Shipwrack'd on this Iſle,
Where, after I a while had puniſh'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I deſign'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.
Alonz. Purſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.
Proſp. So am not I. No Marriages can proſper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps,
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you, expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up, till that bloud-thirſty
Man, that *Ferdinand* ——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice calls
To unſheath her Sword againſt his guilt?
Alonz. What do you mean?
Proſp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my *Milain.*
Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* ſhall die,
And I, in bitterneſs, have ſent for you,
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him die.
Alonz. And think'ſt thou I, or theſe, will tamely ſtand,
To view the Execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot ſuffer you
T' attempt againſt his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.
Proſp. Nay then appear my Guards —— I thought no more to uſe their aid; (I'm curs'd becauſe I us'd it) [*He ſtamps, and many Spirits appear.*

But

But they are now the Miniſters of Heaven,
Whilſt I revenge this Murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee, my Son, ſo ſoon, agen,
To loſe thee? *Antonio*, *Gonzalo*, ſpeak for pity:
Ferd. to Mir. Adieu, my faireſt Miſtriſs.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I muſt ſpeak.
Though I am loth to diſobey you, Sir,
Be not ſo cruel to the Man I love,
Or be ſo kind to let me ſuffer with him.
Ferd. Recal that Pray'r, or I ſhall wiſh to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Proſp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Priſon.
Alonz. Ah, *Proſpero*! hear me ſpeak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.
Proſp. No more! all you can ſay is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuſe? help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows,
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son beſtow in
Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* ſhall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, ſhall he be warm'd?
Proſp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'r return.
Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?
Proſp. His Soul has left his Body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Proſp. O never, never!
He muſt be laid in Earth, and there conſume.
Dor. He ſhall not lie in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Proſp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Siſter.
Now both of you may ſee what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs ſee Men, and by
That ſight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* muſt die
For murdering him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Proſp. Your diſobedience has ſo much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no bleſſing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[*They bear off the Body of* Hippolito.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *again.* Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've been ſo chid for my neglect, by *Proſpero*,

That I muſt now watch all, and be unſeen.
Mir. Siſter, I ſay agen, 'twas long of you
That all this miſchief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curioſity brought me to ſee the Man.
Mir. You ſafely might have ſeen him, and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converſe, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Siſter, not your love;
You call'd me thence, becauſe you could not be
Alone with him your ſelf; but I am ſure my
Man had never gone to Heaven ſo ſoon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Siſter, I could not wiſh that either of 'em ſhou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,
And you muſt be ſatisfi'd?
Dor. I'll not be ſatisfi'd: my Father ſays he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you ſtrive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In ſpite of you mine never ſhall be cold.
Dor. I'm ſure 'twas he that made me miſerable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to loſe a Man.
Mir. Yes, but there is ſome difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldeſt
Man I ever ſaw, except it were my Father.
Mir. Siſter, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When ſhe ſays her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I ſtay here, whilſt my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Siſter, I'll never ſleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blaſt of wind a ſigh.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking diſcontentedly on one another.*
Ariel. Harſh diſcord reigns throughout this fatal Iſle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits ſmile;
Old *Proſpero* by his Daughters robb'd of reſt,
Has in diſpleaſure left 'em both unbleſt.
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.

Antonio

Antonio and *Gonzalo* diſagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at diſtance be.
The Seamen all that curſed Wine have ſpent,
Which ſtill renew'd their thirſt of Government;
And wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the reſt devour.
The Monſters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
More monſtrous grow by Paſſions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and ſuffer in theſe diſcontents.
Why ſhou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial mold?
Accurſed Magick we our ſelves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our ſubjection wrought! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven puniſh him.
Proſp. It will by me.
Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.
Proſp. I by deferring Juſtice ſhould incenſe the Deity
Againſt my ſelf and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, The Powers above are ſlow
In puniſhing, and ſhou'd not you reſemble them?
Proſp. The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you ſee your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [*He's going.*
Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?
Proſp. I cannot force *Gonzalo*, or my Brother, much
Leſs the Father to deſtroy the Son; it muſt
Be then the Monſter *Caliban*, and he's not here;
But *Ariel* ſtrait ſhall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'ſt, I come,
To ſerve thy will.
Proſp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my ſalvage Slave.
Ariel. My Lord, it does not need
Proſp. Art thou then prone to miſchief,
Wilt thou be thy ſelf the Executioner?
Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Miniſter, who,
For thy ſake, unbidden, this night has flown

O'r almoſt all the habitable World.

Proſp. But to what purpoſe was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord, for my
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view
His Body, and ſoon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not ſally'd out: then I collected
The beſt of Simples underneath the Moon,
The beſt of Balms, and to the wound apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His only danger was his loſs of bloud, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and juſt this hour
He muſt be dreſs'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it cloſe from Air till
I have time to viſit him again.

Proſp. Thou art my faithful Servant,
It ſhall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, becauſe your
Siſter is not preſent here, while I go viſit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me Life.

Proſp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[Hippolito *diſcover'd on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find your ſelf?

Hip. I'm ſomewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try. [*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave till you promiſe me you
Will not die agen.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You muſt not go to Heav'n, unleſs we go together;
For I've heard my Father ſay, that we muſt ſtrive
To be each others guide, the way to it will elſe
Be difficult, eſpecially to thoſe who are ſo young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathleſs ſleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A ſmall blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have ſeen it in a froſty Morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,

What

What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That muſt not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father, he may not die; it was my fault he hurt me, I urg'd him to it firſt.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I juſt remember when I fell aſleep, I heard Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as You wou'd do; beſides we have no cauſe of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference firſt?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was juſtly ſent from Heaven,
For wiſhing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my bloud, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love ſo many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live; I'm glad the naughty bloud, that made
You love ſo many, is gone out.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, leſt you come too late. [*Exit.* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the other door, with* Hippolito's *Sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks ſo fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can ſurpaſs her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom ſhe calls Siſter.

Mir. Sir, I am ſent hither to dreſs your wound;
How do you find your ſtrength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loſs of bloud.

Mir. I'm ſorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and ſo am I, for if I had that bloud, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Siſter.

Hip. Yet I find that, if you pleaſe, I can love ſtill a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconſtant, nor ſhou'd you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to eaſe you [*She unwraps the Sword.*

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me,
My wound ſhoots worſe than ever. [*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*

Mir. Does it ſtill grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's ſomething laid juſt upon it.

Mir. Do you find no eaſe?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the ſudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*

Ferd. (*to Dor.*) Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o'rjoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito?*

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?

Dor. Sister, what business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito.*

Dor. Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a Man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should die, than you should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. (*to Hip.*) Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand!* can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. I, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.

Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse back other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore, first, to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love
Your Sister. [*To* Dorinda.

Mir. O blest word!
I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand.*

Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito.*

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's Constancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can

Recompense

Recompenſe her loſs.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all ſo much miſtook, I know not.

Mir. I have only this to ſay in my defence: my Father ſent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito* ſent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From ſuch ſmall errours left at firſt unheeded,
Have often ſprung ſad accidents in love:
But ſee, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. (*to Proſp.*) Let it no more be thought of, your purpoſe,
Though it was ſevere, was juſt. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I ſhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Proſp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwiſe.

Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World, that has ſuch People in't!

Alon. (*to Ferd.*) Now all the bleſſings of a glad Father
Compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoken e'r this.
Look down, ſweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop
A bleſſed Crown. For it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence forc'd by neceſſity can ſcarce
Seem real, yet, deareſt Brother, I have hope
My blood may plead for pardon with you; I reſign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.

Proſp. All paſt crimes I bury in the joy of this
Bleſſed day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in Juſtice, to this
Young Prince, I render back his Dukedom,
And, as the Duke of *Mantua*, thus ſalute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.

Proſp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o'r Towns and Cities.

Hip. And ſhall theſe People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and ſhall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Priſon, but
Have a whole Cave to my ſelf hereafter.

Proſp. And that your happineſs may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, ſhe ſhall
Be yours for ever, when the Prieſt has made you one.

Hip.

Hip. How can he make us one? ſhall I grow to her?

Proſp. By ſaying holy words, you ſhall be joyn'd in Marriage
To each other.

Dor. I warrant you thoſe holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Proſp. to his Daughters. My *Ariel* told me, when laſt night you quarrell'd,
You ſaid, you would for ever part your Beds;
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, *Miranda*, muſt with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lie in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven make thoſe Beds ſtill fruitful in
Producing Children, to bleſs their Parents
Youth, and Grandſires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Siſter, it was our fault, we meant like Fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it ſeems,
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'rjoy'd that I ſhall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never riſe again.

Ferd. (*aſide to him*) *Hippolito!* you yet are ignorant of your great
Happineſs, but there is ſomewhat, which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s ſake, I muſt inſtruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I ſhall ſoon learn,
I warrant you.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Stephano, Trincalo, Muſtacho,
Ventoſo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Proſp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look, the Maſter and the Saylors ——
The Boſen too —— my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alonz. (*to Trinc*) Now, Blaſphemy, what not one Oath aſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by Land? why ſtar'ſt thou ſo?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I muſt reſign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.

Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship
agen, and were her Maſter, I'd willingly give all my Iſland for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ſhip.

Trinc. I ſhall need no Hangman, for I ſhall e'n hang

My

My ſelf, now my Friend Butt has ſhed his
Laſt drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.
Ant. They talk like Mad-men.
Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves, and
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.
Alonz. This news is wonderful.
Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?
Proſp. Rarely, my Diligence.
Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are thoſe mis-ſhapen Creatures?
Proſp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without
Her Power.
Syc. O *Setebos!* theſe be brave Sprights indeed.
Proſp. (*to Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.
Calib. Moſt carefully. I will be wiſe hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take thoſe Drunkards
For Gods, when ſuch as theſe were in the World?
Proſp. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my ſtory.
Alonz. No doubt it muſt be ſtrangely taking, Sir.
Proſp. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promiſe you calm Seas, and happy Gales,
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.
Ariel. I'll do it, Maſter.
Proſp. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up thoſe that ſhall make good my promiſe to you.

[*Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Muſick playing on the Rocks.*

Proſp. *Neptune*, and your fair *Amphitrite*, riſe;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddeſſes, appear!
Come, all ye *Trytons*; all ye *Nereides*, come,
And teach your ſawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unſoil'd Beauties, with freſh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus *and* Tethys, *appear in a Chariot drawn with Sea-Horſes; on each ſide of the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddeſſes,* Tritons *and* Nereides.

Alonz. This is prodigious.
Ant. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?
Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. *MY Lord* Great Neptune, *for my sake,*
Of these bright Beauties pity take:
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.
Let this inraged Element be still,
Let Æolus *obey my will:*
Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em disturb the bosome of the Deep,
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.

Neptune. *So much my* Amphitrite's *love I prize,*
That no commands of hers I can despise.
Tethys *no furrows now shall wear,*
Oceanus *no wrinkles on his brow,*
Let your fiercest look appear!
Be calm and gentle now.

Nep. & Amph. *Be calm, ye Grots and Caves of the Floods and the Springs,*
While each Nereide *and* Triton *plays, Revels, and Sings.*

Oceanus. *Confine the roaring Winds, and we*
Will soon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of Tritons and Ner. *Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,*
Upon the Floods we'll sing and play,
And celebrate a Halcyon *day.*
Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[Dance.

Nept. *Great Nephew* Æolus *make no noise,*
Muzzle your roaring Boys,
[Æolus appears.

Amph. *Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,*
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.

Nept. *Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,*
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. *While fell Sea-Monsters cause intestine jars,*
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.
But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrite's *will.*

Æolus descends. *You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,*
With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'r.
Let all black Tempests cease — Winds from the four Corners appear.
And let the troubled Ocean rest:
Let all the Sea enjoy a calm a peace,
As where the Halcyon *builds her quiet Nest.*
To your Prisons haste,
Down, down you must go:

You

You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call ſhall you trouble the Deep. [Winds fly down.
Now they are gone, all ſtormy Wars ſhall ceaſe:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, *my Sons, your Trumpets ſound,*
And let the noiſe from Neighbouring Shores re-ſound.

Chorus. *Sound a Calm.*
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[Here the *Trytons*, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Poſtures, ſeem to ſound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.
A Symphony of Muſick, like Trumpets, to which four *Trytons* Dance.

Nept. *See, ſee, the Heavens ſmile, all your troubles are paſt,*
Your joys by black Clouds ſhall no more be o'rcaſt.

Amph. *On this barren Iſle ye ſhall loſe all your fears,*
Leave behind all your ſorrows, and baniſh your cares.

Both. *And your Loves and your Lives ſhall in ſafety enjoy;*
No influence of Stars ſhall your quiet deſtroy.

Chor. of all. *And your Loves*, &c.
No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. *We'll ſafely convey you to your own happy Shore,*
And yours and your Countrey's ſoft peace we'll reſtore.

Tethys. *To treat you bleſt Lovers, as you ſail on the Deep,*
The Trytons *and* Sea-Nymphs *their Revels ſhall keep.*

Both. *On the ſwift Dolphins backs they ſhall ſing and ſhall play;*
They ſhall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chor. of all. *On the ſwift*, &c.
And ſhall guard, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[A Dance of twelve *Tritons*.

Miran. What charming things are theſe?

Dor. What Heavenly Power is this?

Proſp. Now, my *Ariel*, be viſible, and let the reſt of your Aerial Train, Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song;

[*Scene changes to the Riſing Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the Air*, Ariel *flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewel my long-lov'd *Ariel*.

Alon. Heaven! what are theſe we ſee?

Proſp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds in ſwarms, but that they are not ſubject to poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Ant. O wonderful skill!

Gonz. O Power Divine!

Ariel and the reſt ſing the following Song.

Ariel. *Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,*
In a Cowſlips Bed I lie;

There

There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

[*Song ended,* Ariel *ſpeaks, hovering in the Air.*

Ariel. My Noble Maſter!
May theirs and your bleſt Joys never impair.
And for the freedom I enjoy the Air,
I will be ſtill your *Ariel*, and wait
On Aiery accidents that work for Fate.
What ever ſhall your happineſs concern,
From your ſtill faithful *Ariel* you ſhall learn.

Proſp. Thou haſt been always diligent and kind!
Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou ſhalt find,
I will preſerve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this Iſle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:
The promiſes of blooming Spring live here,
And all the bleſſings of the ripening Year.
On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature ſmile,
And ever flouriſh the *Enchanted Iſle.*

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GAllants, by all good ſigns it does appear,
That Sixty ſeven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.
Among the Muſes there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monſieur, and the Spaniſh Plot:
Defie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.
The Ghoſts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors whereſoe'r we paſs,
In Viſions bloudier than King Richard's *was.*
For this poor Wretch, he has not much to ſay,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.
He ſends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.
For if you ſhou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'l be troubl'd with 'em all agen.

Page 23. after *line* 2. inſert, *Ant.* Shall we not ſeek ſome Fruit?

FINIS.